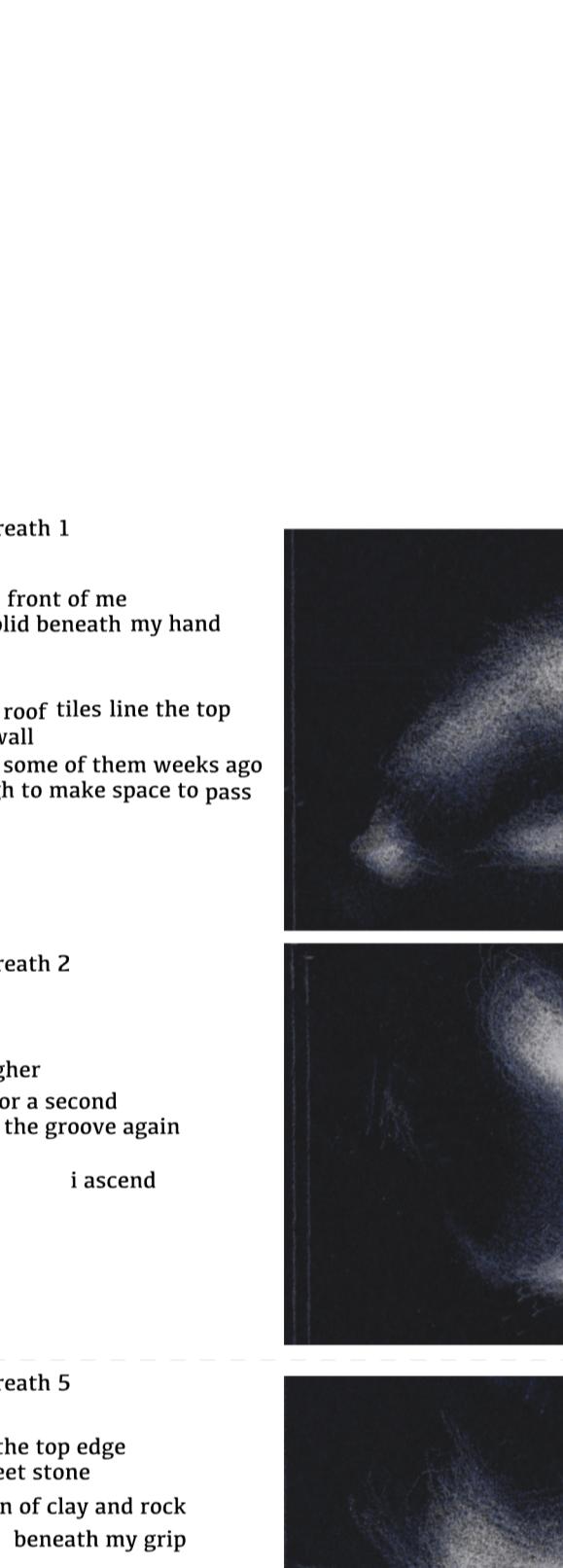


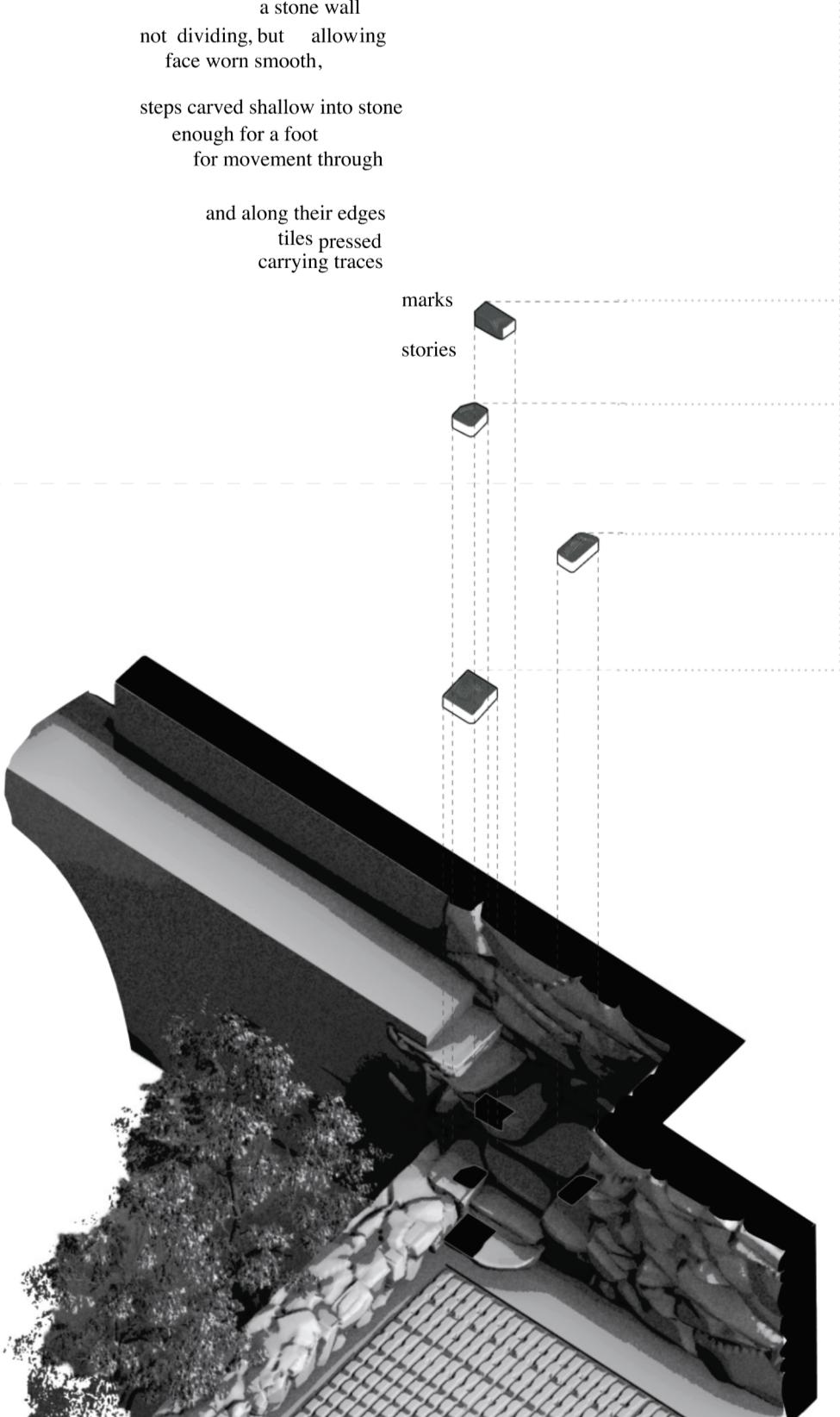
A wall no more

For Andreas Karayan, past re

the same ones we've
and



A vertical strip of a black and white photograph showing a person's legs and feet resting on a textured surface, possibly a chair or a wall. The image is oriented vertically on the left side of the page.





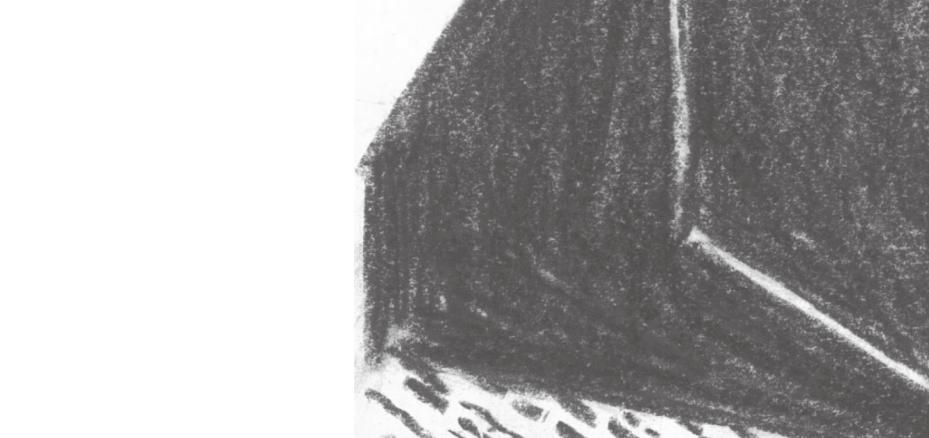
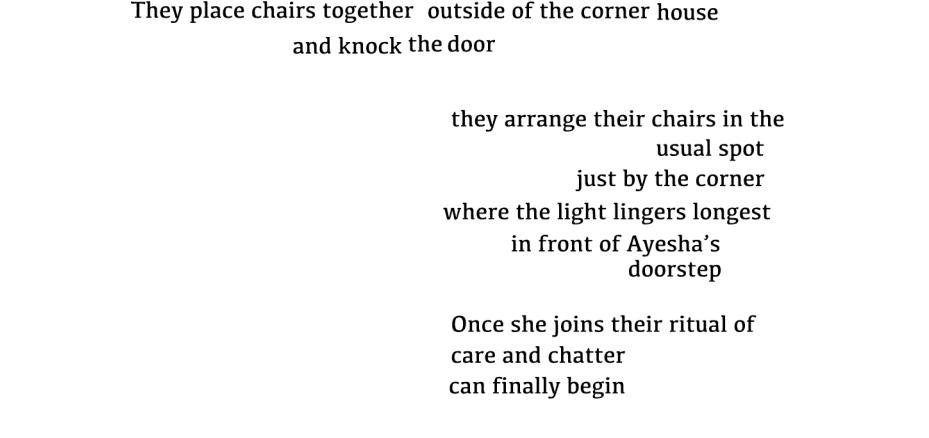
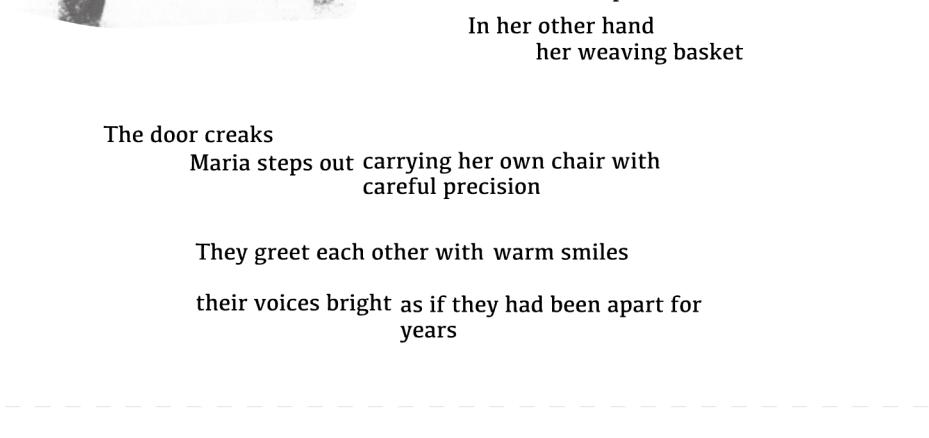
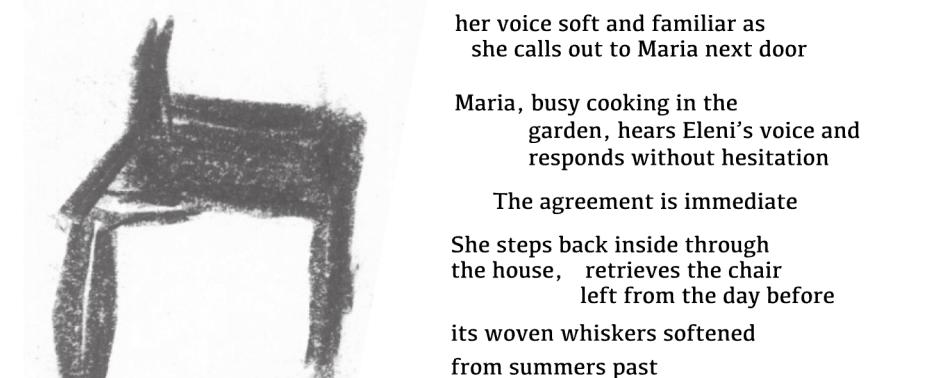
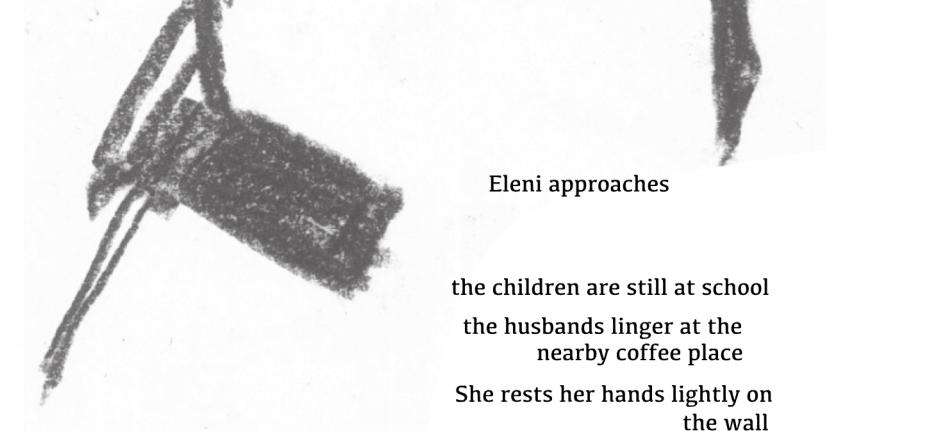
To build a meeting place

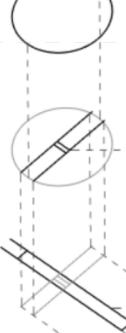
For Zihni Kalmaz, past resident of the Famagusta gate area

Coexistence story 2

To build a meeting spot
you'll need

1. a cul-de-sac
2. two or more neighbouring houses
3. two or more tsaeres
4. an appropriate corner
5. your craft equipment





a table in humbler homes
wall decoration in others
a focal point of the meeting point

and when a meeting forms

the wooden stands are pulled from the corner

the pieces, dismantled from the
walls, assembled in space
the mat lowered, fitted on top

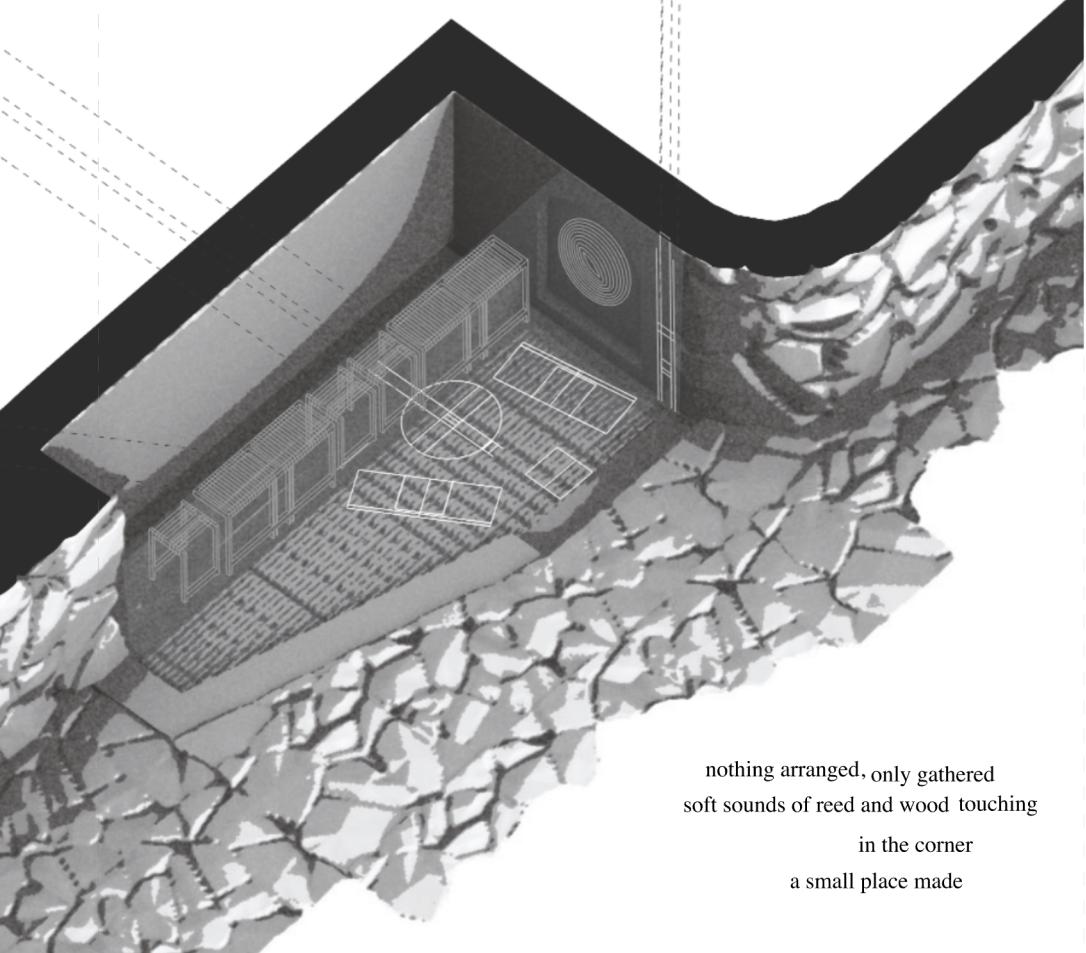
and it begins



woven stools rest along the wall
their strands of reed tight and pale
their colour close to the plaster

when folded
they hug the side wall
set in rows

when unfolded
they gather round the matt table
stools drawn out, one by one
taking form, slowly



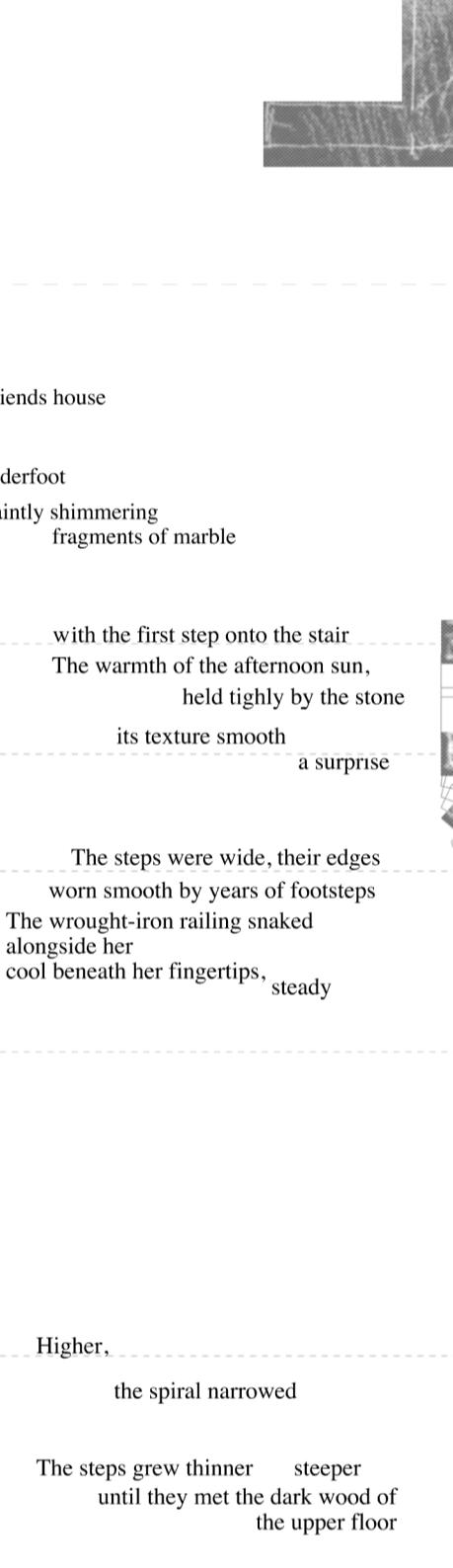
nothing arranged, only gathered
soft sounds of reed and wood touching
in the corner
a small place made

the public balcony
inverted serenade
you approach, narrow hidden opening
between the houses walls
stairs climbing to a corridor that ends in open air
a viewing platform to the stage below
the street
the walls of the balcony frame, allow
you settle
as the city unfolds

Overhead dreams

For Andry Michaelidou, past student of Ayios Kassianos school

Coexistence story 3

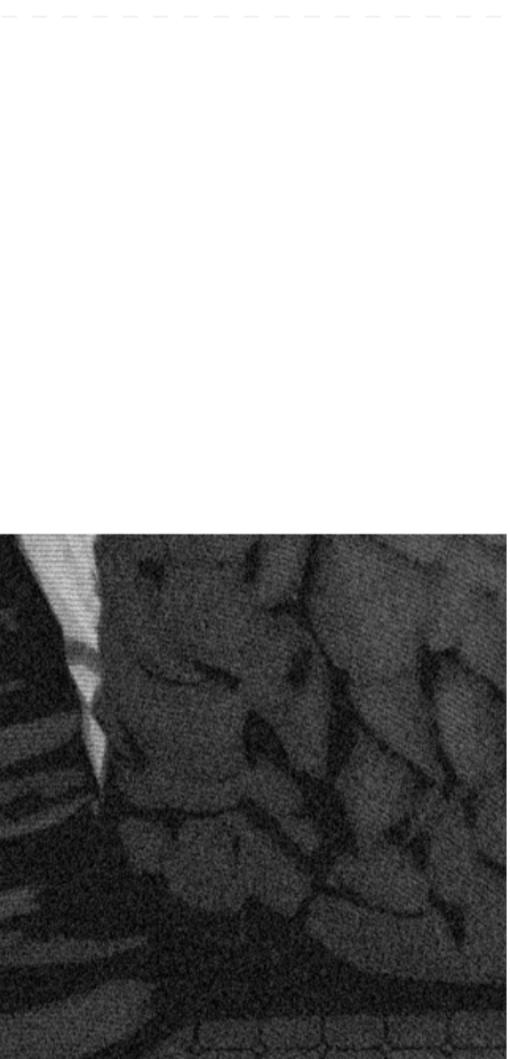


She follows her friend through the narrow streets
balconies tilt above them
wood weathered
delicate ironwork, curling in intricate patterns

small pots of green clinging to their edges
shutters swing open and closed
the warmth of the afternoon sun pressed into the walls

Her friend tugs her forward and she moves

oh the life these walls enclose
she thinks



reaching her friends house
they enter the iliakos
cool terrazzo underfoot
speckled with faintly shimmering
fragments of marble

with the first step onto the stair
The warmth of the afternoon sun,
held tightly by the stone
its texture smooth a surprise

The steps were wide, their edges
worn smooth by years of footsteps
the wrought-iron railing snaked
alongside her

cool beneath her fingertips, steady

Higher,
the spiral narrowed

The steps grew thinner steeper
until they met the dark upper floor of

the spiral

the street

the walls of the balcony frame, allow

you settle

as the city unfolds

